

Eug: Poetry vol. II.

4^d

THE
A R T
O F
LOVE.

Paraphrased from *Ovid.*

Agricola fructum profert, Conamine Tellus.

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THE

PLAY

BOOK



from being used

1863

THE ART of LOVE.

TO all the *Lovers* in the City,
We humbly Dedicate this Ditty:
Design'd the Project to impart,
Of helping Nature out by Art;
And Art, from Coach-Box to the Stern,
Is necessary, we discern:
Sh—/ and *H*—les had every Voice,
When they, through Difficulties nice,
Did Convoy home, as found as Roach,
The Navy He, and She the Coach:
Thus lately I too, had a Toast,
In Love, by those that rule the Roast,
To, when they Drive, or when they Steer,
Be *Admiral* or *Charterer*.
Sometimes he's apt to run a Head;
Considering he's but a Lad,
I bear with it, in hopes in time,
To bring him to a better Chime;

The Art of Love.

And Youth I'll undertake to manage,
A Million better then I can Age:
Achilles thus, the Heroe hight,
Was sent to School to Read and Write;
And e'er he made the *Trojans* Roar,
Was Firk'd and Ferul'd o'er and o'er.
Tho' now he Resty be, and Heady,
'Tis Time will make the Younker Steddy,
So Bull's have Shooes upon their Feet;
And sturdy Horses champ the Bit,
Tho' in the Yoaking, I perhaps,
May get a Kick or Dash o'th' Chaps;
Yet Bull-Dog-like, the Toss and Blows,
Make me the fiercer at the Nose.

But, that we may prevent the worst,
Let Oxe's Horns be cover'd first,
Then put the Yoak upon his Neck;
So, if the Colt be hard to break,
We tye him, to avoid the Danger,
Fast by the Bridle, to the Manger.
Therefore, oh! who of all the Gods
Thou art, that didst bestow the Rods,
And Consecrated first thy Tribune,
With Kissing-Strings of Scarlet Ribbon;

The Art of Love

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Provide thy Poet of a Muse,
Or shou'd the Damsel Coy refuse;
Bid *Venus*, fair as Sandwich-Carrot,
Lock up her Stripling in the Garret,
And lay his Arrows and his Bag by;
Then shall I talk like any Mag-Py.
Soft must our Song be, when we Write,
Loose from the Chains of Love and Wit.

But first, I bid you all stand off,
In Sable Gowns, or double Ruff:
And all that either wear, or borrow
The Face of Modesty and Sorrow.
We only to the Gallant Play,
The Loving, Merry, and the Gay.

Now Volunteer to set you right,
Before you can Besiege or Fight,
Your first Adventure out must be
To find a Noble Enemy;
The next to Conquer and Subdue;
The last to hold *Her* tightly to.
So all ye Heroes that dare venture,
Up and away with Taratantar.

Now

The Art of Love.

Now pricking gently o'er the Plain,
Knight-Errant, take Advice again.

The grandest Rule in Court Cheval,
Is still to wait for Honours call;
And Honour her shrill Clangors sounds
To highest Fame, and deepest Wounds:
Then single out the Enemy
That gives the Wound, to make you Die,
Like Porcupines from ev'ry Part,
So flying Parthians cast the Dart.

And Lover, let it be your Care
To single out your Self, the Fair;
Another only sees the Prize
With Partial, or Imperfect Eyes:
Did ever Huntsman blindfold follow,
Thro' Forests dangerous and hollow?
Or ever think the Deer to wound,
That only follow'd by the sound?
Or did you shooting in the Park,
By others Aim, e'er hit the Mark?
So if by foreign Eyes I troul
For Trout, a Frog may be my Dole.

You need not saddle Horse, (my Word)
Nor put your Trunks and Things aboard

To

The Art of Love;

To cross the Seas, and search the World,
Our Sails to Love alone, are furl'd:
Let Foreigners that Game pursue,
We've more Miss Cr—— than a few;
For Lovers black'ning of the Strand,
Prove Albion the Fairy-Land:
And in Augusta's only seen
The Court and State of Beauties Queen.
As many Corns as Kent can boast;
Or Wrecks in Irish Ocean lost;
Or Leaves in Forest-Dean have fell;
Such Crouds of Women London fill:
Whether a Damosel invite,
As new wash'd Night-rail, pure and white;
Or Youth and Bloom together joyn'd,
Like Pulp of Apple to the Rhind;
Or whether for the Widow set,
Ripe in Experience and Wit.
In every Tribe, and most of these,
You Miracles may find to Please.

Then, that you may have choice of Fays,
Visit the most frequented Places:
Hie to the Park in Evenings sweet,
Where Ladies Air, and Lovers meet;

Nor

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Nor do the Beauties bright, refrain
The Sacred Temple or the Fane ;
Chappels and Churches Consecrate
To Heav'n, are made the Sceneries of Love ;
And Vows miscarry to the Seat
Below, that were design'd Above.
In Publick Halls, and who wou'd think ?
Cupid will often light his Link ;
And fire the Crucible of some Dame,
While Noise and Nonsense blow the flame ;
Whatever *Amorato* lie in't,
He'll melt from Counsellor to Client ;
O how the Younker boasts his Conquest,
To make th' 'ternal Mover Non-plust,
And Back erect, with bloated Face,
To gain some mounted Ladies Grace,
Fall suppliant from Crest to Base ;
Where Querks, nor Quibbles can remoye
Them from the *Labyrinth* of Love.

The Theatre, a fruitful Soil,
Will certainly reward your Toil :
Love there is in his Kingdom found ;
A sparkling Court of Beauties round,
Like Bees in Sultry Summers thick,
Which Bean and other flowers lick,

The Art of Love.

3

At ev'n returning home to Hive,
To lodge in Comb the foremost strive,
The Ladies covet middle Row,
Most Plain to see, and make a show :
For what d'ye think, should make 'em else ;
Lose Chat, and Pam, and Bonarelle;
To come and sit for three Hours long,
To see a Play, and hear a Song.
If 'twas not for to meet the Beaus,
To show their Beauty, or fine Cloaths ?

When first the Stroling Trade arose ;
The Crowd purfu'd the Poppet-showes.
Soon tir'd with this insipid Sight,
Men Trod the Stage, and gave Delight ;
But for a Time ; for this seem'd stiff,
Without the squeaking Treble Cliff ;
When Years and a politer Pit,
Refin'd their Manners and their Wit.

At last, the stately Scenes began ;
The Woman added to the Man :
Made up the *Chorus* on the Stage,
To draw the Picture of the Age :
And here to Prove, or be inform'd ;
Of either Sex, new Tumults swarm'd :

B

Thus

The Art of Love;

Thus either Way, the Scenes will prove
 The Stream of Joy, and Source of Love ;
 For ev'ry Custom on the Stage,
 Descends a Fashion to the Age.

The Lovers Sigh, and Mournful Groan ;
 Is *a propos* in any Tone :
 And every Excellence must pass,
 Reflected by that Faithful Glass.

As when in Mirrour bright, we see
 A Face by Prosoposcopy ?
 We the Original regard,
 From whence those Rays to Glass are
[carr'd]

And ne'er esteem the Glass a Pin
 The better for the Phantom in :
 So tho' the Heroic Romans Rage,
 When Betterton adorns the Stage :
 Or Barry Pitty move, and Fear,
 For some Unfortunate in her ;
 Tho' Wilks and Verbruggen receive
 The just esteem the Audience give :
 Or Pinkethman or Dogget make
 The House and Hearers sides to shake :
 You've other Bus'ness then to mind,
 To diff'rent Barks, a diff'rent Wind.

Besur

The Art of Love.

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Besure to Pay Devoir above;
There's no Concern so great as Love.

Tho' Shakespear, Dryden, Otway there,
In all their Excellence appear;
'Tis all Bombast, and Nonsense all,
That Thoughts or Eyes from Beauty call.

I wou'd not have, like Turkish Mute,
Y' Employ your Thumbs to tell your Suit;
Nor shou'd you Nod, like Modern Wag,
The broken Sentences to Fag;
Or tho' you have forgot your Speeches,
Let out your Tongue with Hand in Breeches;
Such Inconveniences to mend,
Unto my Counsel sage attend.

The surest way in all Respects,
To save your Love and Intellects;
Is when the Place and Seats are full,
To sit your Mistress Jig by Joll:
Then you shall never want Pretence
For many a petty Impudence;
Nor will you be put to 't to Labour
For Words, beside so kind a Neighbour,

B 2

Especially

The Art of Love.

Especially if she but Grant
The Liberty of Tongue Volant?

Let Publick Fame be Food for Scandal,
If some you Please, you can't Offend all;
And some you're sure to Please with Satyr,
Such is the Malice of our Nature.

Slander, a Vice of high Repute,
Will notably commend your Suit?

You must not value Friend or Foe,
'Tis Reason, she will have it so.

This Art of Complaisance, ne'er spares
Any Infirmitie but Hers:

And reasonable 'tis, that she
Who before others gave the Wound,
Shou'd from the Blemishes be free,
Which in the rest of 'em are found.

Or if to Park you Drive your Charr'ot,
Gilded as fine as any Parrot;
Where Peers, and Knights, and Squires,
Preserve the Wheels of Coach from Rust:
Infinity of Choice is here;
Yet in these Crowds 'tis very rare,

To

To singe any one Machine,
But's fine without, and foul within,

For once at least, we will suppose,
The Bear-Garden may Please the Beaus;
Or Thomas, Carey, Bush, or Hill,
Practice a Trial of their Skill;
And Act at Blood, and Limbs Expence;
The Noble Science of Defence:
Or what's a little Elevated,
They go to see the Tyger Baited.

Of all these various sorts of Sights,
The Humane or the Beastial Fights;
Tis not a Farthing matter whether,
Bring Female and the Male together; Yet
Yet either of them all may serve
To make a Lover Hang or Starve;
Who here by Accident may see
A Fair and Cruel Enemy.

While Combatants Engage below,
Cupid above will draw his Bow,
And what at first was only made
For hacking and the hewing Trade,
Or Limbs of Bull-Dogs broke; may prove
An Amphitheatre of Love. Know

Know all the Titles, if you can,
Of Bull, Bear, Tyger, Dog or Man:
So if the Lady likes a Hint,
You never may be backward in't:

If Wind shou'd chance the *Dust* to puff
Upon her Cloaths, then shake it off;
And that your Diligence appear,
Shake whether Dust or no be there.
Officiousness, an useful Grace,
Has sav'd to many a Man his Place
So if her Gloves, or Train she drop
Upon the Ground, he'll take 'em up;
On purpose lost, their Fan will slip,
Or any thing, from off their Lap,
Their Servants and their States to keep.)

Once every Year a Cavalcade
Thro' Crowdèd Streets of London's made,
When *May'r* new dight of Lordly Hew,
It introduc'd to Office new;
Then Streamers o'er the Waters fly,
To tell the Cannon when he's nigh;
And they likethousand Thwanged Fame,
The News at once to all Proclaim,
From High Gate to the Silver Thame.

Of Sexes univerſal; ſome
From either ſide the Water come;
And from the Temple to Bow-Steeple,
The City holds a World of People:
Ah! who's ſo great a Sot to miſſ
A Game in ſuch a Crowd as this?

Thanks to the ſager Senate's Care
To ſerve us with fo Rich a Fair:
Viner and *Backwel*, reſt your Bones;
This generons Act of theirs Attones
The Scandal and *Deliquium*.
You brought upon the Scarlet Gown;
And ſhows to all the World agen,
The Usefulness of *Aldermen*.

Happy the Omen of the Day,
That cou'd alone ſuch Pomp Display;
And every Nation else to ſpight,
Confefs the Riches infinite,
That from the Corners of the World,
Are to this common Store-Houſe hurl'd,
Then which not greater e'er has been
At Royal Coronations ſeen.

The Spices of the *Eastern Soil*,
 Become to *Londoners* a *Spoil* ;
 When loaded with the *Western Gold*,
 Which *Southern Diamonds* infold,
 In State they Cavalcade upon
 The *Northern Alabaster Stone*.
 The yearly Pageants confess,
 Th' Observance ev'ry Country Pays.

Oh Heavens, what Glory daze my Eyes !
 Another Theme, new Fire supplies ;
 My Muse just Nodding into Rest,
 Wakes with the flavour of the *Feast* :
 The Eye with Pleasure almost pall'd,
 Four Senses wait to be regal'd :
 The *Feast* that Province undertakes,
 And a Rich Ragoût for 'em makes.

Then think the Grocers-shops, and
 [Drugsters,
 Confectionaries, Cooks, and Hugsters,
 Plunder'd of all their Dormant Store,
 To furnish out *Feast Epicure*.

For each invited Person sitting,
 There's more than *Musick, Wine, or Eating*,
 For

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For on my word, you oft shall swallow
Cupid with Bacchus and Apollo.
Whereas, perhaps, you only choose
To *Feast* your Appetite or Nose.
The subtile *Robin Hood* will slip,
In Wine, an Arrow o'er your Lip.

So, as in *Tub*, with under Spour,
Set ope to let the water out ;
A Straw (Similitude to prove)
Is sailing unconcern'd above ;
When suddenly the waters fall,
A *Vortex* Dops it in the Hole.

For Beauty, like the *Fairy's* slim,
Lies Cunningly upon the Brim ;
So when you pour the haunted Wine,
Beauty will enter with it in.
And *Wine* and *Beauty* when they meet,
Each other wonderfully Heat :
How shou'd the suff'ring Martyr then,
Escape the Fury of the Flame ?

Tis true, the Death is soft they say,
Like stinging by *Tarantula* :
For when the Violence of the Bottle,
Ends up the Vapours to the Noddle ;

C

Nor

The Art of Love.

Nor Care, nor Grief, nor Sorrow scares,
But we're as Great as Emperors;
And all the Misery thereof,
Is to be Merry, Sneer and Laugh.

Grapes are as Purging Pills in Venter,
To ope the Pores for Love to Enter;
So like a faithful Friend or Brother;
One Fire a Passage makes for t'other:

Yet let me tell you, in this Case,
You easily may miss a Face;
For Candle-Light's a silly thing
As is, to try good Colours in.

Night is a Bawd, as all Confess,
Never a Secret slip Betrays;
Industriously the Faults will spare
That are committed to her Care,
And that the Day may ne'er reveal
Th' Infirmities she wou'd Conceal;
Implements a many Under-hand,
To thrust out Day for his Command,
While she that was for Sleep design'd,
Loyters with slow Advance behind;
Thus Candles, Torches, Lamps and Light
Effect the Work of Day and Nights.

Wh

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What need I number all the shows,
That joyn the *Belfa's* to the *Beaus*?
And what from drinking Waters kept some,
At *Tunbridge, Richmond, Bath, or Epsom*?
'Twas very pretty here to see
A Patient taking Remedy,
All suddenly transform'd to guise
Of Lover in *Romantick-wise*.

So *Midas*, when a piece of *Beef*
He'd got between his Hungry Teeth;
Found, to his Pain, his Jaws infold
A piece of solid and chaw'd *Gold*:
Or rather such did *Tourvil* meet,
Who came to seize the *English Fleet*,
Whence may the crying *Monfieurs Rue*
The faithfulness of *Old true Brew*:
Then well may *Travellers* all tell,
The insalubrity o'th' *Well*:
When those that go for Health and Ease,
Catch an incurable Disease;

Ah! conscious *Groves* to Scenes of shame,
Where easie *Virgins* lose their Name,
Whom entring every Leaf saw Gay,
Departing fades and falls away;

C 2

Be

The Art of Love.

Be Trees, and Woods, and Bowers from hence
No more a Sacred Innocence.

Thus far we've Labour'd for the Mine,
Next for the Bullion and the Coyn.

Beauty is difficult to gain,
Thro' many Hazards, and much Pain;
Those that are *Tame* and never Start,
Are common and without Desert;
For all the *Trouble* that they give,
Is but to stoop, and to receive:
Use they who will that slothful way,
I'm for the Game that shews me Play;
Why, I cou'd take a thousand Deer,
And half of all my Troubles spare,
If it was only Catch and Eat,
But then the Pleasure,—Ay! where's that?

Yet I'd have ev'ry one assur'd,
And to his own Deserts inur'd,
Equip'd with Confidence and Grace,
A Bonny Look, and Comely Face.

As soon the *Cricket* shall be silent,
When Heat proceeds from Oven vi'lent;

Or

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Or *Cats* shall run away from Mice :
Or Childrens Heads be free from Lice :
As Virgins tempted by a Youth,
Of winning Face, and any Truth ;
Will give away the happy Minute,
When Love and Fortune too are in it.

And let 'em ne'er so much Dissemble
Their Nature, tender Heart will tremble,
At every No they make, for they
Have Passions violent and gay ;
And greater Appetites than we,
When to their Inclinations free.

In Pastures lusty grown and full,
The *Cow* will Bellow to the *Bull* ;
The *Mare* grows mad to bear the *Horse*,
And *Cats* in Pain sustain the force.
What need I tell of Modern *Nan*,
Five Summers spent on one Campaign,
Only the Harvest-Home to Reap,
Of the strong *Soldiers* Lusty Leap ?
What other reason made *Thalestris*,
The Buxom *Alexander's* Mistres ?
Or which that fam'd *Amour* began,
The forward Woman, or the Man ?

So

The Art of Love.

So Nature undisguis'd (you find)
 By Art, is strong in either kind ;
 And without Tale of Cock and Bull,
 I make this inference from the whole.

You need not any *Coldness* fear,
 If you have *Fire* to kindle her ;
 But if you've none, you need not wonder,
 The Night appears when Sun is under :
 Or how shou'd Glass the Beam display,
 If you the Body take away ?
As Hearts from others Instinct take,
And Tempers just Reflection make.

In all, this common failing is,
 To open both their Ears to Praife.
 And from the Ear, as *Artists* say,
 To Heart is but a little way :
 Down by some Nerve, or Artery,
 That both the Parts in Union tie :
 They're pleas'd, altho' they ne'er design'd,
 To be complying or be kind ;
 And tho' perhaps Post-pon'd Succesf,
 Her Presence yet you may Possess.

Then (since 'tis good to have two strings,
 To Bow, as ev'ry Bird has Wings)

Her

Her Woman to your Party Lute,
Twill mightily promote your Sute:
Let Agent close in Ambush ly,
To humour Opportunity;
And whether when in Morn she Knocks,
Her up, to Comb her *Amber-Locks*:
Or Pin her Gown; or Wash her Hands;
Or Dress Comimode; or bring her Fans:
Then let her with Perswasive sigh,
Your Bus'ness and her Mistress Ply:
Feign Excellencies infinite,
And all Accomplishments Recite,
That either are, or ought, to be
(Few, Beauty, e'er they're told can see)
He Dresses well, can talk with Grace,
His shape is proper, and his Face:
How free his Airs are, and his Mein!
He's ev'ry way a Gentleman!
Well, tis the only I cou'd take,
Laud, Madam! you'll ne'er have the like.

Such Flattery as soon will sink,
As water soaking to a Chink.

Soon will she molliate your way,
Charm'd with the Magick of a Fee:

For

For these, like *Oracles* of old,
Responses only make to Gold ;
And when the *Patin* empty lies,
No Prayers divert the Deities :
So those that come in *Forma Pauperis* ;
May e'en go home and gather Strawberries
To fill their Bellies ; for they're let
No *Nectar* from the Gods to get :
But if an Offering appears,
The Priestess then on *Tripod* rears ;
And sends the Prostrate home, with hopes
Of a rich Year, and fruitful Crops.

Such is the Oracle of *Closet*,
When Waiting Woman may dispose it ;
She'll all the Mysteries lay ope,
When *Contius* should his Apple drop,
Cydippe Charm'd to take it up.

A *Mirrour* Crit'cal for Addresses,
Is very lucky in some Cases.
Who thinks the *Night-Men* Verst in slime,
Will open Vaults at any time :
Or *Sextons* Cells, when Wind's at South,
Shoot thirteen score full wide of Truth.

Thus he that tries to catch the Fair
At any season of the Year ;
May Act a very *Gotham* Part,
And burst his Brain, and break his Heart,
Before he make his Hedge or Ginn,
Get *Woman* or the *Cuckow* in.

Then sort the *Seasons* of the Year,
The foul Dissever from the fair :
Nor need you dread the partial Dole ;
For fair Days oft'ner come than foul,
Chiefly her Sacred Birth-Day choose,
To urge and drive the matter close :
Or when she Dresses for a Ball,
Fine, as the glistering Peacocks Tail :
Or for the Play-House ; or the Park,
Then inchoat, then Ply your Work ;
When Ease, and every gay Desire
Of Youth, her glowing Breast Inspire.

Thus *Quacks*, and *Mountebanks* devise
A many hidden Mysteries ;
To time the Physick to Distemper,
That no malignant Planet hamper.
When *Saturn* joyns in *Sextile Mars*,
We Prophesy of Bloody Wars :

D

But

But when in *Aspect Right* we see,
Venus and *Jupiter* agree ;
 When Mirth and Ease together blow
 Her Breasts, let *Cupid* shoot his Bow :
 I warrant you the Arrows hit ;
 The Turf in Fruitful Soils is light ;
 A mighty Crop will grow from this,
 As fast as Peasen soak'd in P —

But chiefly let your Dam'sel see,
 When Rivals with her disagree ;
 Especially if one in Favour,
 Then 'tis you do your Work, or never :
 Your Fate is rising to the Top,
 Then heave, and strive to keep it up ;
 But in this Case be careful still,
 You do not over-throw the Bell ;
 With too much Eagerness, and so
 Like *Sisyphus* your Toil renew.

Then if she's Sullen ; or Severe ;
 Or Spleen ; or Vapours Trouble her ;
 Defer till a propitious Hour,
 Save both your Credit and Amour.
Disgust (a difficult Blockade)
 On such occasion 's often made ;

One

One day shall ruin the Design
Of many Hours, and much Time:
It may prove your Trouble, and long Pain,
Her Favour, and your Post to gain.

As, when the Basket Woman comes
To cry her Cherries, or her Plumbs:
Or if in *New-Exchange*, you see
A Knick-knack, that must be your Fee.
These are but little things 'tis true,
But then there's some Malicious Jew:
Or *Grecian*, *Persian*, or *Armenian*,
With Pendants strung like Ropes of Onion;
He shews his *Trinkets* and his *Wares*,
And what she chooses, must be hers:
Then with a kind and tender Look,
Devout as if she kiss'd the Book;
Will Vow she's mightily beholden,
For *Favours* generous and golden;
And she will never this forget,
While she has either Tongue or Feet.

So *Crocodiles* upon the Shore,
Humour the Carcase they devour.

But after this, he must not think
To lay out all his Coin in *Drink*;

For Love and Beauty still Demand
A thousand Favours of his Hand.

A Birth-Day must be sacred still,
And Birth-Days come when-e'er they will ;
Whose Favours do most nobly shine,
Is sure to be her *Valentine* ;
Beside a Jewel then, and now,
Is lost, which *Mother* must not know ;
A Ring grows suddenly too bigg,
And drops from Finger in a Jigg :
So every feign'd or real Loss,
Must be repair'd at *Nepus* cost.

Thus *Courtiers* many Fears excite,
The Baits to make the *Fishes* bite,
Which liberal *Senators* dispel
From Pockets bottomless as Hell.

But if you don't so much incline
To empty Pocket of your Coin ;
And think who venial is, will be
A *Termagant* in Huswifery.
I'll not your fancy disapprove,
For 'tis a Truth confess'd, that Love
Does seldom from its *Birth-Place* Rove;

But

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But always to its Source will bend,
Like Amots new Divining Wand:

As whether it in Purse began,
Or generously from the Man ;
Firmly it will retain its Place :
Or to the Pocket or the Face.

So Crickets in the Oven bred,
In Oven Living are and Dead :
Or if they're hopping on the Gras ;
One is their Birth and Burying Place.
For Love will, like refined Gold,
Its Nature and its Temper bold ;
And will not from its Bent at first ;
Corrupt for Better or for Worse.

But since you can't for ever Ply
The Altar of your Deity ;
By Proxy sometimes 'twill suffice,
To offer up your Sacrifice.

Then take your Paper, Pen, and Ink,
(More serviceable than some think :
For Learning other Uses shares,
Besides the reading of Neck-Verse)

This

The Art of Love.

This way's in my Mind most compendious,
 So break the Sea of Thought tremendous;
 For *Letters* will the *Words* convey,
 Which we our selves shou'd blush to say.
 This the kind, tend'rest, softest things
 That Lab'ring Heart cou'd Pump for, brings,
 But yet beware that what you say,
 May not too much of Art betray.
 Who but a Madman wou'd rehearse
 A Poem, or declaim in Verse?
 When all his Bus'ness is to tell
 How much he Loves her, and how well.

Soft be your Words, and easy writ,
 The stiff is superficial Wit;
 And she might say each Sentence Purl'd,
 May serve for her and all the World:
 Such be your Stile then, to confess
 Your Love alone and Tenderness.

Her *Praises* be the Subject, they
 Will give you Audience when you Pray.

And hearty *Prayer* is very prevalent,
 Especially in those that dive well in't:
 So *Priam* bent the stubborn Bone,
 I'th' Gracious Heart to gain his Son.

And

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And what is powerful as this,
Let *Promises* adorn the Piece :
These Presents are as Rich as any,
Tho' cheaper than nine Eggs a Penny.
Hope will your Bargain mainly help,
She's still a Goddess, or an Elph ;
For if you keep your Promise, shee
3' Event's confess a Deity :
But ah ! too many a fatal Case,
Proves her as fickle as her Glafs.

If the Coy Dam'sel should refuse
The Case of Lover to peruse ;
And without spoiling *Seal*, return
The Letter back again, or Burn.
Be not too timerous, but hope
Another time *to slip the Rope*.

Thus *Topers* when they first are Taught,
To take *Tobacco*, Spew it out :
But Time and Use together Yoak,
Make a free Passage for the Smoak,

What harder than the Marble is ?
Or what is softer than a Kiss ?
And yet 'tis fam'd *our Ladies Lips*,
And Checks, are hollow'd by such Sips.

Be

Be sedulous, you need not fear ;
 The *Beetle* so out-ran the *Hare* :
Rochel, tho' late, was ta'en at last,
 Great Actions are not done in haste.

After a many vain Essays,
 And Patience weary of delays,
Curiosity, or something else,
 Will ope't, to see how ill he Spells :
 Then if your silence did not smother
 Sedulity, she'll write another ;
 Only desiring, to forbear
 Your wishes to pursue, and her.

Such Coolers from a Virgin Fire,
 For what they ask, they least desire.

So if you to her Chamber come,
 And she complain you Dirt her Room ;
 Therefore wou'd have you stay away ;
 Yet for all that, besure to stay ;
 Her Heart and Eyes confess you may.
I'th' Court of Love, you can't employ.
A better Witness than the Eye,
That can more Realties descry.
 By Form alone, she did Deny ;
 By Form she froward was and Coy ;

The Art of Love.

33

By Form was difficult and shie ;
And often Form gives th' Heart the Lye :
Such Importunity will raise
Your Credit, and deserve her Praise ;
Then you may take her to the Plays,
When, like the Sun, from e'ry Place ;
And Part, she darts her shining Rays :
This the Laborious Lover Pays ;
When every Minute he Enjoys
A Luscious Banquet of his Eyes :
A thousand Opportunities
May take to recommend his Case,
Gloating and Ogling in her Face,
Where White and Red each other Chase,
And the fierce lovely Combat prove,
'Twixt blushing Modesty and Love.

Time here is hers, and what she does,
Be Rule your Actions to Dispose :
Who she approves, must claim Desert ;
And he that Acts the Lovers part,
Tho' dull and destitute of Art.

The Garb most pertinent will be,
That unaffected is, and free ;
So Heralds reckon Coats of Gent,
Most honour'd with least Ornament ;

E

H.

*He that appeals but to his Dress,
Does Poverty of Wit Confess:
As Bankrupts e'er they break, appear
In all their Finery and Gear;
Yet be your Presence always Neat,
In Habit, and a Comely Gate.*

Nor imitate our modern *Rakes*,
Black as their Nights, impure as Jakes,
Who follow Dictates of a Brain
Possest with Letchery and Wine:
When Crouds of bellowing Herob's meet
To rendezvouz along the Street;
Thro' silent Lanes and Allies stretch,
To meet the Constable and Watch;
Whose Valour's mightily display'd
In breaking of the Good Man's Head;
And sure their Courage must be great,
To Master the Suburban Pate;
In spight of Enemies Defence:
Or force the Way, or break the Sconce.
What tho' they're taken in the Fight,
And sent to Limbo all the Night?
'Tis not the Fortune of the Great,
Their Foes in ev'ry Fight to Beat;
For 'tis the Valiant's Character,
Boldly to venture on, and dare;

That

That makes their Noble Actions Shine;

Tho' Fortune hinder the Design.

And that they justly make their Claim
To the best Services of Fame ;
Witness their Actions which be dight
With all that's Noble and Polite.

Their *Wit* in chalking Peoples Doors ;
Or rubbing out the Milkmaids Scores ;
Or wringing Knockers off, and Latches ;
Or singing of Lampoons, and Catches ;
Or when all sober People Sleep ;
The publick Watch and Ward to keep.
They Scoure the Streets of all Disturbance,
That might a Nights befall Suburbians.
And that all Trades alike may flourish,
They Windows break, and Signs demolish.
Thus by a politick Intent,
Do Ill, a greater to Prevent :
As Statesmen often make submit
The Less to Greater Benefit ;
Ruin a Nation or a Town,
To save the rest from pulling down ;
And Citizens one House will blow
Up in the Air, to save a Row.

But you in Morals not so loose,
 Can put your Time to better use;
 Whilst Sots in Kennels lay their Head,
 You Soberly may go to Bed;
 And while they Dream of Blood & Fights,
 You spend your Hours in other Sights,
 While silken and soft Fancies move,
 Smooth, sliding, Silver Dreams of Love,
 And every thing again renew;
 Or true, or near ally'd to true.

Then how at Table many a Glance
 Was Coyn'd, the Credit to advance,
 Till Eyes dissolving swim in Joy,
 And double Sights confess the Boy;
 How every Sentence innocent,
 Was wrested to a Complement;
 What Pranks were play'd upon each

[Platter,
 And Dish, to signify the matter;
 When every Plate show'd to her Eye,
 Yours Now, her future Slavery;
 And Rime scrawl'd up & down the Board,
 Your Lady she, and you her Lord;
 So did the Meat or Bread or Pye:
 Or Tart, or Custard sanctify.

Next

Next you wou'd touch them for to get,
The hallow'd and the sacred Bit;
And always careful was to sup
The Consecration off the Cup:
Or greedily to fill the Belly
With Conserves so refin'd, and Jelly.
When all the harm that she might think
Mean time, was but to Eat and Drink.
But the Idolaters of Love,
On every Hill, in every Grove,
Raise Altars up, and build a Shrine,
To what they only think Divine.

Time will, when you may get her, come
T' a Ball, or to the Drawing-Room;
Where Place and Company improve
The Liberty and Scope of Love.
Plac'd in the numerous Croud, and free
From Malice, and from Jealousie:
Oft may you Press her Snowy Breast,
And lay the Blame upon the rest;
Tread on Toes, and Kiss her Hand,
With or without a Reprimand.
Accost the Lady Fair, but how;
We think 'tis needless here to show.

For

The Art of Love:

*For he that goes a Wooing, must
To his own Parts and Merits trust ;
We only tell you short and pithy,
Try but, and you'll be very Witty.*

I do not urge the mighty Need
Your Heart shou'd, tho' you say it, Bleed ;
For 'tis enough if you but tell
The thing you do, or ought to feel ;
Tho' you no such Disturbance have
At first, yet often this will leave
The Seeds of growing Love behind :
Hear that, ye Virgins, and be Kind
To real Lovers, and the Feign'd.

Soft be your Words, and full of Praise.
'Till Beautiful and Ugly Please,
To hear their Servants stretch his Sense ;
To reckon up their Excellence ;
The killing Look, the noble Air,
The oval Face, and amber Hair ;
The Forehead large, and graceful Nose ;
The Cheeks, as ruddy as the Rose ;
The Corral Lips, the dimpl'd Chin ;
The Teeth, as Polish'd Iv'ry, clean ;

The Art of Love.

39

The snowy Breasts, and azure Lines
Of rising Blood within the Veins;
The Arms most plump, the Fingers long,
And the soft Musick of the Tongue.

Self, is the nearest Friend they have,
Unsatiable as the Grave.

The greatest Stock does still desire;
As Drunkards, Drink the most require,
In Flattery all Usurers seem,
And love to see their Profits in.

So Peacocks, if they're star'd upon,
Will spread their Plumes against the Sun:
So Cats, their Tail if you but stroke,
Will Purr, and Rump in Posture Cock:
So Horses, if you clap their B—
Will Joints and every Sinnew stretch,
To bear the burden, or to draw;
So Parrots talk, and Magpies caw.
Never did Wretch despairing Die,
That had the Art of Flattery.

Then Coax; and after add to these
A little thousand Promises;

And

And Promises will do no Harm;

For if you shou'd refuse her due,
She can't oblige you to perform,

When Priest has made a *One of Two*:

Next, if this be not yet sufficient,
In *Fears* be never dry nor silent,
Victorious Love will Crown the Issue on't;
But if you're not so mellow yet,
'Twill be as well to Counterfeit,
And put some *Spittle* on your Eye,
Supported by a tender Sigh.

So buxom Widdows, when the Heers
Have left 'em to their own Careers:
Mourn the Defunct, and so conceal
At once Hypocrisie and Will.

Then while she coming is, and warm,
Let *Kisses* all you say confirm:
For the soft balmy Kisses prove
The chief Artillery of Love.
You easily will have Excuse,
For what she'll formally refuse;
And all such Impudence will find
A secret Favour in her Mind:

Sinc

The Art of Love.

41

Since it the Greatness does approve
Of her Perfections, and your Love,
That tho' She's Angry, will forgive
The little hurt she might receive,
If you too eagerly shou'd Press
To Ravish off the melting Kiss ;
Rumple her Steen-Kirk or Commode :
Or Towse her Love-Locks, or her Hood ;
And if her Anger still appear,
'Tis only when you do forbear.
If One offends, as well it may,
Another wipes the Fault away ;
Then 'tis, if ever, she'll be kind,
When Love and Passions fill her Mind :
When such soft Blandishments incite,
The motions of each Appetite,
To tender Wishes and Delight.

So Wood assimulates to Fire ;
And equal Chords upon the Lyre,
To either bear (when struck) around
An equal harmony of Sound.
So the black Atomes of the Night,
Assume the brightness of the Light,
And Air, in which we Odours burn,
Does faithfully the Scents return.

F

Do

Do you not see the very like
 In Cloths you wear upon your Back ?
Thus Beauty will, by this one Charm,
Be warm'd by you, and keep you warm.

Now all the World, when this is done,
 Will think the amorous Prize is won ;
 And for the rest you further Crave,
 'Tis but to ask, and you may have :
 As the Triumphant Victors Crown,
 Before receiv'd, is made his own ;
 Unless the Thoughts of fatal Priest
 Your rising Appetite suppress ;
 Or fear, or else I don't know what,
 Shou'd make you Idle and forget ;
 Or have you entertain'd Maggot,
 To think she'll bring the Question out ?

Perhaps you've heard how some have
 [been,
 So forward, as to ask the Men ;
 And so Knight-Errant it about,
 To find the Lusty Fellows out ;
 (As the hot Bitches of the Town
 Follow the Mastives up and down.)

Were

The Art of Love.

43

Were forc'd to try their Pregnant Wits,
To wheedle in the Timorous Chits,
By putting off their Sex and Shame,
Incognito to all but him;
Scrape up Acquaintance, and begin
The Husband in the Name of Friend,
So Crowning with success their Tricks.
Resume their Cloaths again and Sex.

I'll not this Story disapprove,
For who can tell the Power of Love?
The smitten Dam'sel may so far,
Put off her Pride and Character,
To send for Stranger, and unvail
At once her Countenance and Will:
Else he perhaps might never hear
Of an such descending Fair;
And so the wounded Lady, fain
To loose her Love, and keep her Pain, }
For an Incognito in vain. }

Such Frailty tho' we shou'd allow,
Say Lover what is that to you?
You'd you have ev'ry Lady mad
To Dance about in Mafquerade?

F 2

Or

The Art of Love.

Or come in Coach to publick Places,
To beg our Favour, and good Graces?
Or so far condescend to ask's
The Liberty to wear their Masks?
Or else so Lavish of their Favour on's,
To offer us a Glass at Taverns?
If we appointed fail to come,
Be Jealous and pursue us home?
Or send their Bugle Letters Post,
To find the bashful Lovers lost;
Only to keep us Idle then,
While they are beating up the Men?

And wou'd you be so kind mean while
To see and make the Pot to Boyl?
Or stay at home to Card and Spin?
Raise Paste, or keep the Dishes clean?
Knit knots, or Flourish, and make Lace?
Dress her Commodes, Japan her Glafs?
Instead of Sword, to jirk about
A pair of Stockins or a Clout?
Or mend her Brothers Clothes, or shirt? He
Or wash the Linnen when it's Dirty?
No, you're ash'm'd and well you may;
We make th' Excuse and so will they.

The Art of Love.

45

Tho' Virgins have been forc'd by Peers o's
Never did Virgins ravish Heros.

But if the Archer strung his Bow
From Quivers of a diff'rent Ho,
And sends the Leaden Arrow thump
Upon her Breast to bear the Brunt
And spight of all the subtle Nature
Of Gold, you cannot penetrate her;
'Tis Time to raise the Siege and Tent,
When all your Ammunition's spent.
Many the flying Joys desire,
That their Aversion are, when nigher.

So generous Rebels if they see
Their King in Arms, will ne'er agree:
But if he lay aside his Thunder,
Thro' up their Arms, and all surrender.

Nor need you [to begin] reveal
All the whole Story you've to tell;
Lest if you finish all at once,
You next Time prove yourself a Dunce,
So Lawyers multiply their Fees,
By making Terms and them encrease;

Nor

The Art of Love.

Nor stay too long, nor be assiduous,
Lest your first Visits proving tedious,
She shou'd a Secret Grudge ingross,
Both to your Prejudice and Loss,
That you too well will love the House.

The Colour of the Flag, declares
The Country of the Mariners;
The Foot-Boys Hat and Livery,
His Character and Quality;
The dusty Soldiers Face, and Sears,
Confess the Fortune of the Wars:
The Sun and Clods of Earth we view
In the rough swarthy Plough-mans Hew.

Pale be the Colour of your Face,
When you have suffered a *Disgrace*;
This will effectually display
The Real'ty of what you say:
And with more certainty convince,
Than all the strains of Eloquence:
If it no more, 'twill Pity move,
And Pity's near ally'd to Love.

'Tis true, this Method is severe,
But then the Case is very rare,
For e'er it comes to this extream
The weary Lover quits his Game;
Or softens the consenting Dame.

More

The Art of Love.

47

More Miserable they that prove
The Pain of disregarded Love.
Such must bear hardships, 'tis confess,
And to be Happy, be Distress:
So Surgeons make the Wound endure,
A-many Ills, to work one Cure.

But while the Van you keep, beware
You ben't surprized in the Reer;
And when the Wall you've batter'd down,
Another storms and takes the Town:
friendship it self, is scarce enough
Security and Beauty Proof;
Friendship's a means more expedite
To gain our Wishes and Delight,
Then what shou'd hinder, but he may
Possess his Wishes any way?
And while you're busie to perswade him,
The Excellencies of the Maiden,
He sucks the greedy Poyson in,
Is mad, and runs upon the Sin.

Yet after all we've said, 'tis true,
The Women will their Wills pursue;
And who has Rules to circumscribe
The many Tempers of the Tribe?

This is our Resolution then,
Try every way the best you can.

For

The Art of Love

For thus all Fishes will not rise
To swiming Line entred with Flies;
Nor all with pointed spear be strook;
Nor all be angled for with Hook.

So Women diff'rent Tempers hold,
The Young, the Widow, and the Old:
But above all this Lesson prize,
That where but little Knowledge is,
To her you never seem too Wise.

Left conscious of her Ignorance,
Too willye judge the Difference,
For fear her Wit and Beauty fail,
Upon the knowing to prevail,
The humble thing will rather give
It self away to One it can Deceive.
For Dwarfs but oddly with a Giant Live.

One Course is run, but to reliev our Toil
We'll strike our Sails, and cast our Anchor
[for a while]

Z E R R A T A

Page 11. Line 12. for Let Read Loll. p. 14. l. 23. f. 107. b.
16. l. 20. f. for r. from. N. 19. l. 15. f. turning. Crispin.
l. 22. f. to r. through. A. 20. l. 2. f. Sol. To. and Sea. l. 25. f.
f. Gracian. p. 22. l. 9. f. your r. her. l. 17. f.
p. 26. l. 27. Rime. p. 28. l. 13. f. Tills. l.
p. 40. l. 6. f. Fears r. Tears.